PAPERS
OF
SHAKERS
12

Shakers
Enfield, Conn.

Lines Composed on the Fire. July 28th 1849.

Enfield N. H. Chh.

1st. I now resort unto the pen
While memory does not fail
To state a story strictly true
And not an idle tale
If any chance in after days
These hasty lines to trace
Reader believe in Enfield town
It is a well known case.

2nd. We who reside in Chosen Vale
Do now give thanks to God
That still his mercy we can feel
Though chasten'd with his rod
In eighteen hundred forty nine
The twenty eight of July
At two Oclock alarm was given
O what a fearful cry.

3rd. Fire fire! but whither shall we run
We soon perceived the smoke
Arising from our old Grist-Mill
Wherein was many a spoke
Our pleasant bell for the first time
Began a dismal sound
Our only means to gain scarce one

But females on the ground.

4th. We caught our pails and made our way
Towards the burning flame.
Our feeble efforts there to try
Forgetting fear or shame.
Our brethren were on a distant farm
Though painful, sore to tell
And had they not sat down to drink
Would not have heard the bell.

5th. The few at home infirm and weak
All strove to do their best
A moment now our courage sure
Was brought unto the test
The woodmill gate must hoisted be
Else water would be scarce
Thus many ways to turn our hands
And very short our space.

6th. Yet all was still except the bell
This tuned a mournful song
Yet sure indeed our ready friend
To draw the rest along.
A moment and the fire burst out
Near five feet from the ground
The crackling clapboards to our ears
Was an unwelcome sound.

7th The old big wheel was swashing
As though he did not care
But ere the fray did end he found
More heat than he could bear
The Sisters of each family
Soon hastned to the place
And soon it seemed that every one
Did make it their own case.
8th Of plaining works wheel saw and belt
We think but scarcely speak
Knowing such things to disengage
Would take us near a week.
We dash much water on the flames
But what did it avail
We might as well have tried to stop
Almighty showers of hail.
9th So next we tried our feeble skill
On the next building nigh
On this besure inside and out
We made the water fly
This also proved a fruitless strife
Soon plain to every mind
So then we strove to save whate'er
Was not so nearly twined.
10th The fire rose high with rapid strides

Regarding not a tool
But swiftly spread its length and breadth
As one intent to rule.
The Second Family were out
Upon the Gratham farm
Where fire among their standing trees
Had done no little harm.
11th A few of ours were on the hill
Engaged in cutting hay
But when they heard the sounding bell
They haste the homeward way.
The able ones throughout the place
Were on some distant ground
A day when there's so few at home
Is very rarely found.
12th But thanks to God whose mercies are
As countless as the sand
Moved by his spirit soon came on
A band of faithful hands
Hay carts and carriages were filled
With courage zeal and might
To our relief came rushing on
O what a cheering sight.
13th Our friends at home much thanks are due
Beside the Mascony

Come fiercely o'er the new built bridge
Nor stop to feel dismay
They rung their bell to gather round
All help that they could gain
This was an act of kindness too
May God reward the same
14th All round the pond and mountain side
Soon freely lent their aid
This deed so worthy time or space
From memory cannot fade.
Our pails were often sent from hands
But soon we gather more
This was no time to faint or cower
Round such a threatning roar.
15th Can I do justice to this case
And have my story brief
For sure although our eyes were dry
Our hearts were full of grief.
We now can sense how small we are
In this most trying test
The feelings of our hearts I think
But few have really guessed.
16th The sun was shining on our heads
And parched was the ground
South eastern breeze was something brisk

To spread the flames around
Our homes our friends our interest all
Came rushing into mind
We know not when the night should come
That we a bed could find.

17th Some faces nearly figured out
The breathless corpse complete
Many to ape a walking ghost
Lack'd but a winding sheet.
The flames now leap upon the barns
Some windows open spread
At some small doors the hay sticks out
O worse and worse our dread.

18th The saving these were now the same
As saving all be sure
For had the hay been set on fire
Who could the strife endure
Near seventy places all at once
Begun to blaze and smoke
Sheds shops and fences all around
Were threatned with the stroke.

19th Some kick the shingles from the roof
If water was not there
And used their hands as fire proof
This sure was rigid fare.

The cinders now begin to fly
A-lighting all around
To guard the tinder'd hay close by
More ladders is the sound.
20th. We quickly gather'd every one
That could at all be found
Old painting frames and such like things
Were soon upon the ground.
O what could females now have done
If thousands had been there
Who could walk on a steep roof
Though with the utmost care.
21st. O But still these men renewed their zeal
Though dangers seemed more near
See here see there put out that fire
Did often thrill the ear.
We strove to throw the water round
Where ere we heard the call
Though some throwed on a widows mite
Yet we were glad of all.
22nd. Enough for every one to do
Some watched the stubbled grass
Shavins and straw O what a scene
Of danger they did pass.
We cried aloud unto our God

That he would now appear
And surely he did condescend
To lend a listening ear.

23rd Though many prayed with hearts sincere
Yet one was kneeling in the street
And cried aloud O Lord do hear
And mercy to us mete.
Ah! can we see this village all
Devoured with fire and smoke
O Lord upon thee we do call
To thee we humbly look.

24th One brother aged sixty eight
Upon one roof was found
But having lost his active limbs
Soon tumbled to the ground
The doctors now already three
Soon carry him away
Into the Office they repair
Where fainting long he lay.

25th Some others could not walk with boots
So burnt their feetings thro'
Their feet then bear the smarting fate
Till very sore tis true.
Some other garments show the fire
By holes and such like things.

Others were lost we know not where
    But think have felt the flames.
26th Each man seemed by his spirit led
    To act a faithful part
As tho' their interest all was here
    On which they set their heart
Each worked as though at work for God
    Even foreigners and and all
And some who once of choice were here
    Seemed now to fill the call.
27th Now milk pails flour pails and the like
    All share one common dip
Yet since that time with thankfulness
    From some of them we sip.
The wind now varies our thanks we give
    To him who is all wise
Yet greatly fear the black-smiths shop
    Must fall a sacrafice.
28th Now many to its roof and sides
    The water do apply
And sisters take away the fence
    Now burning very nigh
These buildings which we once had thought
    We could not spare at all
Had now become our fear and dread

We gladly saw them fall.

29th Our very consanuites arrive
The ruined mills to view
The great big wheel was burning brisk
As though just fired anew.
That they had not first been there
A sad reflection brings
Plaining machines might have been saved
With many other things.

30th Still we've no reason to complain
Our preservation's great
Call us to rather bow in love
Than murmur at our fate
The fire which first would rise and rule
Is nearly overcome
It shows in part a servants form
And Sisters gather home.

31st These noble men must have a drink
And eat if they desire
They've suffer'd much fatigue and heat
From such a furious fire
Tho' some released yet still a watch
Is kept on every side
Some fires are found around the barn
Where little sparks do hide.

32nd One like a thief was stealing through
In underhanded way
By crawling quite under the sills
To get into the hay.
Our weary brethren now are left
To keep the prisoner bound
A watch is kept quite thro' the night
Tis burning in the ground.

33rd O what a motley mixture now
Of pails are at the place
Each family to get their own
Is quite a doubtful case.
With hose converted into black
Of shoes we nothing thought
Our clothes not once came into mind
Though e'er so nicely wrought.

34th Some who've been wetned twenty times
A little rumpled look
Others suppose their caps are gone
Into the fire or brook.
A little washing to be sure
Might make us look more nice
When monday comes if we are well
We'll do it in a trice.

35th Delightful home our meanest sheds

Look pleasant to the eye
But who did make this great big fire
The little children cry.
O now how sweet is all our fare
Full fit for any king
We often think how glad we are
That we're a door to swing.
36th Some sisters yet look pale and wan
Some sisters hoarsely speak
Others from heat and much fatigue
Still hold the crimson cheek
Now all except our brother dear
So bruised by the fall
Gather ourselves and each attend
Unto our usual call.
37th The Sabbath now is drawing on
The day of sacred rest
We praise our God with thankfulness
For we are truly blest
The little loss which we've sustained
May serve to bring us low
To feel dependance every hour
Wherever we may go.
38th Each blessing which is left to us
More sensibly we feel

To use them with a prudent hand
We will renew our zeal.
The bridge and bell the world declare
Have now all paid their cost.
And that the Almighty hand was near
Or all must have been lost.

39th Then let us bow in gratitude
And by our lives confess
That we are mindful of his love
In truth and righteousness
All who with me beheld this scene
Cannot but soon decide
That he alone did hold the flames
Who rules the swelling tide.

40th Can any witness such a scene
As this which we did see
And e'er forget it while they live
Indeed it is not me
If fire keeps in a servants place
'Tis very good we own
But when it rises up to rule
Destruction will be shown.

41st Though we feel poor and needy too
Yet when we but reflect
On thousands who are destitute

What more could we expect.
May this a warning be to all
Yea teach us to be wise
That we no more be scourged thus
Or such things realize.

42nd Now thanks to God once more we give
That he did hear our prayer
For as one Sparrow's not forgot
I know we feel his care
Our thanks again we now renew
To brethren sisters friends
And hope no more the like to win
With thanks my story ends.

Composed by Susannah Curtis Enfield N.H.

Man.

What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth!! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!

Pascal.

The following Poem was Composed by Elder Harvey L Eades in the year 1827. being then in the 20th year of his age.

1st

When gentle spring had clad the bowers,
The hills and dales in green
The fields bedecked with various flowers,
Inviting to be seen.
A pleasant breeze was passing by
My all devoted head,
The things of time aloof from my
Imagination fled.

2nd

Reflecting I began to rove
And wander'd far abroad
Still musing on the things above
The things which were of God.
At length I spied a human form
Beneath a bending oak
Which did my senses much alarm
And my reflection broke.

3rd

One foot was placed upon a stone
His head upon his knee
I heard him groan a lengthy groan

He turned and look'd at me
I halted as he turned around
Was fill'd with anxious fear
He sat himself upon the ground
And bid me then draw near.

4th

As I approached I saw the tears,
Flow down his hollowed cheek
Which overwhelmed my soul with fear
So much I did not speak.
He seemed to be an aged man
Appeared weak and frail
He sat awhile and then began
The following mournful tale.

5th

I once said he was hale and strong
Yea even like as you
But now my time is nearly gone
My earthly hours are few
I've seen the spring adorn the farms
Full ninety years and two
But early folly shower'd her charms
I did her path pursue

6th

And now in sorrow I confess

I heard the word of God
Obeyed the same and did progress
Along the heavenly road
Yea I enjoyed his heavenly love
Reflection now can tell
But now I wander off from love
In the eternal hell.

7th

My time is spent I'm gone I find
I'm frail I'm weak I'm old
And now I pour you out my mind
The sorrows of my soul
For I do mourn with those who mourn
And grieve from day to day
Yea I do groan with those who groan
A painful life away.

8th

When e'er I lay in vain to rest
Down on my slumbering bed
Sin then corrodes my beating breast
My sore afflicted head
And tears that fill my grief worn eye
Steal silent down my cheek
'Tis then I think how blest the wise
The innocent and meek.

9th

They lie in sweet and calm repose
Protected by their Lord
With innocence each bosom glows
How great is their reward
The Lord protects their harmless souls
And they in glory shine
Their names in heaven the Lord enrolls
Jehovah says their mine.

10th

Yea once I saw the gospel light
The heaven directing way
Which is within thy youthful sight
From me has fled away.
Ah! yes the cloud that shone so bright
Hangs gloomy round my path
And chills my senses shuts my sight
And blinds the immortal heart.

11th

But O! could youth return again
Upon my aged head
I surely would not live in vain
Nor be by folly led
Nor things of time which did controll
And make me look behind
Which now do eat my canked soul

And heat my burning mind.

12th

These thoughts to late appeared to me
My time of work is o'er
The time does haste when you will see
My aged face no more
All hastening time, it swiftly glides,
Darts like a meteors ray
Death hastens with unmeasured strides
To take my soul away.

13th

And lo! I haunt the desert now
Forsaken and alone
With furrowed face and wrinkled brow
My peace Alas! is gone
I homeless rove the forest round
And sigh again to sigh!
And hopeless wander up and down
Beneath a burning sky.

14th

And cry alas! alas too late
And I alone am blamed
I mourn my well deserved fate
The fate of all the damned
Be not alarmned nor weep for me

I choose my way to go
And now I'm doomed (by this you see)
To misery and to woe.

15th

Such is the tragic end of all
Who disobey the Lord
Such is their portion such their fall
And such is their reward
And that you never may pursue
The path that I have gone
I wish to add a word or two
And then I shall have done.

16th

You now are young and think to live
No doubt for many years
Receive the counsel which I give
In sin lamenting tears
And let it not as I have done
Unheedingly depart,
But let it now be stamped upon
The table of thy heart.

17th

You have a conscience eagle eyed
'Tis centered in the soul.

And let it ever be your guide
    Your actions all controll
Though wavering thoughts should often rise
    And trials be severe
Keep wisdom still before your eyes
    You've nothing then to fear.

18th

For if you once to vices yield
    By follies led away
You only yield again to yield
    Your passions to obey
Just let the devil have your hand
    You once his path pursue
He'll shortly have the full command
    Of soul and body too.

19th

O stranger! (here he heaved a sigh)
    Be mindful of thy youth
Though I have spoken many a lie
    I've told you now the truth
The time has come I now must go
    In mournful tone he spoke
To freight the regions down below
    With bosom rending shrieks

So fare-ye-well may peace and love
And strength and power be given
That you may with the saints be blest
Your home may be in heaven
And now the day is wearing late
And all was calm and still
And he to mourn his doleful fate
Moved slowly down the hill.

Heavenly Fire or Carriage Railway.

1st The line to heaven by Christ was made
With heavenly truths the rails were laid
From earth to heaven the line extends
To life eternal where it ends.

2nd Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in
No fee for them is there to pay
For Jesus is himself the way.

3rd The bible then as engineer
It points the way to heaven so clear
Two tunnels dark and dreary here

It does the way to glory steer.

4th God's love the fire his truth the steam
Which drives the engine and the train
And all who would to glory ride
Must come to Christ in him abide.

5th In first, in second, and third class.
Repentance, faith, and holiness
You must the way to glory gain
Or you with Christ can never reign.

6th Come then poor sinner now's the time
At any place upon the line
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and help you in.

The above Poem was written for the benefit of Noodinoky, The youngest of Maungwaduns of the Chippeway Indians, Whose Mother died in England.

Each earthly joy is spoiled by pain
Each present comfort spoiled by care.

The Street of By-and-By.

By the street of "by-and-by" one arrives at the house of "Never."

1st

Oh! shun the spot my youthful friends;
I urge you to beware!
Beguiling is the pleasant way,
And softly breathes the air;
Yet none have passed to scenes
Enobling, great, and high,
Who once began to linger
In the street of By-and-By.

2nd

A youth aspired to climb the hight
Of learning's lofty hill;
What dimed his bright intelligence?
What quelled his earnest will?
Why did the object of his quest
Still mock his wistful eye?
To long, Alas! he tarried
In the street of By-and-By.

3rd

"My projects thrive," the merchant said;
"When doubled is my store,
How freely shall my ready gold
Be showered among the poor!"

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not
The mourners tear to dry
He never journeyed onward
From the street of By-and By.

4th

The wearied worldling muses
Upon lost and wasted days,
Resolved to turn here-after,
From the error of his ways,—
To lift his groveling thoughts from earth,
And fix them on the sky;—
Why does he linger fondly
In the street of By-and-By?

5th

O! shun the spot, my youthful friends;
Work on while yet you may;
Let not old age o'ertake you
As you slothfully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you,
And discover with a sigh,
You have reached the house of "Never"
Through the street of By-and-By

The Golden Side.

1st There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querlous heart would make it!
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

2nd Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the omnious clouds are rifted!
There never was a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning:
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

3rd There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure;
That is richer than the jewelled crown,
Or the misers hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a Mother's prayer to heaven,

Or only a beggars grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

4th Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are free and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

We Reap What We Sow.

1st For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe-
'Tis the law of our being- we reap what we sow.
We may try to evade them- may do what we will,
But our acts like our shadows, will follow us still.

2nd The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

3rd We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then, when we fall, the world bears the blame;
But nine times in ten its plain to be seen
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

4th Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved;
We must make ourselves love the would we be loved.

5th Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above;
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

6th We make our-selves heroes and martyrs for gold
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old.
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for Angels above.

7th We reap what we sow. Oh, wonderful truth!—
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But it shines out at last as "the hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debt" and "credit" for all.

Charity Begins At Home.

1st Judge not another — look within;
There you'll find enough of sin;
Weeds luxuriant, rank and wild,
Many a thought by sin defiled;
Many a fretful peevish feeling
O'er our better nature stealing;
Many a cold ungrateful look
Warm affection scarce can brook;
Many a harsh, unfeeling word,
Heart piercing as a sharpned sword.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

2nd Judge not another — for you'll find
In dark recesses of the mind,
Hidden by self esteem from view,
Seen by others — not by you,
Follies that make you blush when seen
By the light of conscience, faithful beam,
Drag the intruders forth to light,
And judge them by that standard bright;
Banish the beam before you try
To force the mote from another's eye.

Ah! look within thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another — keep in mind
The golden rule for all mankind;
When'er you're tempted to expose
Another's follies, think of those
That lurk within; the wish repress
Your scorn of others to express
When'er to ridicule inclined,
Ah! think how sensitive thy mind;
Perhaps that very moment, too,
Some one may be despising you.
Ah! look within thou need'st not roam
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another — keep in mind
The judgement ye to others mete
Shall, be returned to you complete;
Cease then all judgeing till you find
No trace of error in thy mind;
Then you will never judge again,
For error ye shall still retain;
Till all your pulses cease to beat,
With error you'll be found replete.

Ah! look within thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Hope.

"Hope is the anchor of the soul,"
The sweet'ner in Life's bitter cup—
The lone one's friend, the heart's best goal,
The boon that lifts our spirits up.

Without it Life's a dreary waste—
Its void no other power can fill;
It gives of Heaven a sweet foretaste,
And lightens every earthly ill.

It cheers the prisoner in his cell,
The sailor on the raging sea;
'Twas born with Adam when he fell—
'Twill live, till life hath ceased to be.

The mother bending o'er her child,
When struggling in the arms of Death,
Can check each sob of anguish wild,
And calmly watch its latest breath:

For Hope, with angels wings, doth show

That child a seraph, blest, above,
And bids her hush each note of woe—
She'll meet her child in realms of love.

To cheer the bitter lot of man,
The blessed gift of Hope was given—
It leaves us not with life's short span—
Hope leads us to the gates of Heaven.

One Step More.

What though before me it is dark,
To dark for me to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next:
So though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny, hard, and steep;
And, knowing this, my strength might fail
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way;
But seeing this I might despise
The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers,
Will fail me ere the end.

And so I do not wish to see
My journey or its length:
Assured that through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall always have
"Light for just "One step More."
British Messenger.

So Run that ye may Obtain.

I will not look behind me, no!
My face is Zionward:
The kingdom is before me and
My Captain's voice I've heard!
Though father, mother, brother, friend,
Affections powers do try
To win me back, I'll lend no ear,
No tear bedim my eye.

Onward my steps are taken, and
Still onward they shall press,
Though persecution meet me, or

Famine and sore distress;
The love of God is mighty love,
And shall my soul sustain
Through tribulation, Satan's ire
Fell want or racking pain.

Oh, who would look behind him, who,
Upon this scene of gloom,
Of sickness, anguish, sin, and death,
From off that world to come?
Where crowns that never fade away
Shall shine with glory bright;
And life eternal glad the soul,
And beauty spread delight.

I will not look behind me, no!
On those that with the name
Of Jesus on their lips, refuse
His advent to proclaim!
Who turn away from truth and give
To fables willing ears;
When he by truth to judge them comes,
Can such his presence bear?

The Lord commands his people all

To watch, and wait, and pray;
Expect his coming, and to stand
Prepared for the day!
How can they stand prepared, who think
His coming far away;
And dread to hear of its approach,
And meditate delay?

Christian! the Lord hath led the way—
Apostles, Martyrs, true
To him have trod the heavenly path
The path marked out for you!
Narrow the road but sure the prize,
"Onward", your watchword be,
And onward, onward, onward press,
Untill the Victory.

Hope.

How oft are we deceived by Hope,
She bids fair visions round us play,
And gives imagination airy scope,
To picture scenes that fade away!

"As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be."

1st When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals;
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That, "As my days, my strength shall be."

2nd When, with sad footstep memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves;
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs;
Still to thy promise Lord I flee,
That, "As my days, my strength shall be."

3rd One trial more must yet be past,
One pang the keenest, and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That, "As her days, her strength shall be."

A Few Short Years.

1st A few short years: 'tis an unwelcome truth
These words suggest to most in early youth.
'Tis sad, when blest with health and spirits free,
To think that few and short these years may be.

2nd A few short years, and shall we then be young?
Our frames to vigorous action still be strong;
The world then wear the same inviting hue;
Oh! will life be as pleasant then as now?

3rd And shall we then unwearied with the world,
Seek haunts where Pleasure's banner is unfurled;
Still love the scenes of gaiety and mirth;
Shall we then love these fading things of earth?

4th Ah! no: for when a few short years are fled,
Perhaps we shall be numbered with the dead;
And far from earthly joys and pleasures dear,
Sleep that deep sleep that knows no waking here;

5th Or else grown old, and furrowed deep the brow
With lines of care, where all is placid now;
And dim the eyes, and tired the anxious heart,
We then shall long to dwell from earth apart.

6th Earth's busy scenes will not attract the gaze;
But lose their beauty viewed with eyes of age;
And worldly friends will soon so soon grow cold,
They'll seek us not, nor care when we are old.

7th A few short years — and oh how quick they fly!
How soon pass into eternity!
A few short years to lay up treasure here,
And then we're old and worn, the prospect drear.

8th "A few short years," Oh! heed the warning voice,
And make in youth the wise, the wisest choice!
Choose Christ, and he will be a friend indeed,
A friend in trouble, in the hour of need!

9th And spend these fleeting days and months and years
Not in a world of fancied hopes and fears;
Dream not probation's precious hours away,
But study to be useful while we may.

10th Seek not to shun the cross; and murmur not,
Though humble and obscure may be our lot;
But strive to learn God's ways, and do His will,
And life's great mission — labor to fulfill.

11th Then when the few short years of life are past,
And we are call'd to our accounts at last,
With joy we'll go to meet the God of love,
To join the blest society above;

12th Where patriarchs, martyrs, now bright angels dwell;
Departed souls who fought life's battle well:
And spend one long eternity of bliss,
In purer joys and fairer worlds than this!

Intrinsic Worth.

1st 'Tis not the bird of brightest wing
Does loftiest soar or sweetest sing—
For brilliant plumage, who would mark
The pinions of the warbling lark?

2nd 'Tis not the gaily painted flower
That sweetest blooms in wood and bower;
The violet of humble mien,
Breathes out its fragrance all unseen.

3rd 'Tis not the sparkling fountain's flow
That gladdens most the vale below;
The silent dew the gentle rain,
Will more refresh the thirsty plain.

4th 'Tis not the costly pearl or gem
That forms the loveliest diadem;
The ornaments that most adorn
Are by the lowly spirit worn.

5th 'Tis not the fairest form or face
That most reveals the spirit grace;
The noblest virtues of the mind
Lie deep within the soul enshrined.

6th 'Tis not the man of shining parts
Has strongest sway o'er human hearts;
But he of sympathetic soul
The willing passions doth control,

7th 'Tis not the boasting Pharisee
Who finds acceptance for his plea;
The contrite heart alone will bring
To heaven a pleasing offering.

Make Good Use of thy Talents.

1st Put out thy talents to their use
Lay nothing by to rust
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn
And innocence thy trust.

2nd Rise to thy propper place in life
Trample upon all sin
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.

So live in faith and noble deeds
Till earth returns to earth
So live that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

Prayer.

1st Oft have I prayed, believing prayer,
Yet nothing could obtain;
And in my folly, oft I said,
Lord is thy promise vain?

2nd In youth I prayed that I might win
The race of youthful pride;
Tho' hope burned like a fire within
My heart it was denied.

3rd I prayed for power, I prayed for wealth;
Nor wealth nor power was mine;
In lingering pain I prayed for health;
But found my health decline.

4th At last, when wisdom spoke, "My son
Christ's kingdom is of heaven;
Ask heavenly things, it shall be done,"
I asked, and it was given.

Teach me to feel for others woes
To hide the faults I see
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

Absent Friends.

1st When pleasure tags at music strain
And mirth assails the heart in vain
To pensive thoughts the bosom lends
And finds a theme in Absent Friends.

2nd Remembrance then unfolds its store
Affections tale oft told before
And fancys magic vision lends
To catch a view of Absent Friends.

3rd Pale apprehension starts with fear
Some sad vicissitude to hear
And hope with causeless terror blends
For fate unknown of Absent Friends.

4th The parent found the dutious child
The feeling heart by love beguiled
Each to kind Heaven a boon commends
That Heaven be kind to Absent Friends.

5th Constrained through distant climes to roam
Far from the sympathies of home
My soul its fervent wishes send
And circles round its Absent Friends.

6th But joy shall spread a brighter train
And mirth indulge its sweetest strain
The happy day which absence ends
And gives me back my much lov'd Friends.

Benevolence.

1st Oh! let us never lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
Oh, let us never haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a Brother.

2nd Each has the power to wound — but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of Charity
Which ne'r inflicts a pang in vain.

3rd 'Tis God like to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound nor to annoy,
Is part of virtues lesson too;

4th Peace winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall bend her down and brighten this,
When all mans labor shall be love
And all his thoughts a brothers bliss.